

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION



SEPTEMBER 2, 1935

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CONSTITUTION CONSCIOUS

BY CAREY MCWILLIAMS

THE SANTA ROSA OUTRAGE

BY BEATRICE R. KINKEAD

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A Western Journal of Fact and Opinion

VOLUME III

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NOTES AND COMMENT

MORE ANNOYANCE

PEACE ON EARTH, which made a sensation in more ways than one in San Francisco a few short weeks ago, and which caused the reactionaries considerable annoyance, is to be given at the Campus Theatre in Berkeley September 13 and 14. The cast will be the same as in San Francisco.

WILL ROGERS

IT GROWS increasingly strange how little are considered what we know would be the wishes of the dead. If Will Rogers could see and hear the ballyhoo that surrounds him in death how sick and disgusted he would be.

If any man ever knew himself for what he was, Will Rogers did. He was the last human being in the world to consider himself worthy of high personal acclaim. A good rope-twister, yes; a good joshier, yes; a clever, witty commentator on the affairs of the day, yes; kind, considerate, homely of temperament and desire, yes; great, perhaps, in the manner of many a man whose fortunes in life have not led him to personal wealth and into the spotlight of the world. But—let us quote a piece of Robert Whitaker's "A Word About Hero Worship", printed in *Unity* during the fanfare surrounding the death of Jane Addams:

I think that Charlotte Anita Whitney . . . in point of intelligence, goodness, and statesmanship, excels Jane Addams . . . Nor do I think her alone, by any means, in this estimate of her character, her mental competence, and her relation to world affairs, among the women whom I know. I name her only because her name is known, though she will pass with no such acclaim as the world has given Jane Addams . . .

I am more afraid of my own respectability, in the midst of a civilization so utterly and damnably disrepu-

table as is this civilization which puts up with me for the mildness of my opposition to it, than I am concerned with any individual iniquity in the total mass of social guilt. We are none of us heroes or heroines, unless it be those who are in jail for having helped organized labor to fight for its own freedom, and these, not heroes and heroines in themselves so much as for the consequence of the thing they have sought to do.

I want to register my protest against the whole attitude of hero worship. It is, in my opinion, a contributory factor in blinding us to the realism of an actual social regeneration. The Lincoln cult is one of the most serious obstacles to common sense thinking about our American history in the last one hundred years, as the Washington cult was for the fifty years before.

THE BREAK WITH RUSSIA

TO AMERICANS of the William Randolph Hearst school of political thought it must be rather disconcerting to read that the "socialistic" and "communistic" New Deal of Franklin Delano Roosevelt seems about to withdraw our recognition of the eighteen-year-old government of the Soviet Union. It seems that the New Dealers are aroused by the speeches of American delegates at the seventh convention of the Communist International, which told of the recent growth of the Communist Party of the United States. Hence, to quote from press reports, "this government warned Russia that 'the most serious consequences' must result unless Moscow smothers activities of the Communist International organization insofar as it affects the United States". Since the followers of the "scientific method" in Washington acceded to howls of American fascists in trying to chase John Strachey out of the country, it does not appear unreasonable to believe that they, like the proverbial ostrich with his head in the sand, would break off all diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. Quite obviously it is impossible for the government of that nation to attempt to suppress a political party in this liberty loving country. Severance of relations with Russia will not mean the end of the Communist Party in this country. If you doubt that, remember that that party existed and grew during the entire period when there were no diplomatic relations between the governments of the two nations.

WHILE THE APPLES ROT

APPLÉ picking in Sonoma County has been paid for at the rate of 25 cents an hour. Two years ago, when the series of agricultural strikes took place in practically every fruit and vegetable in California, strikes under the leadership of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, wages for crop-picking were boosted from ten and twelve cents an hour to twenty-five and thirty cents. In 1934 a wage of thirty cents was generally set "to avoid trouble". In the Salinas, Santa Maria and Imperial Valleys, and other places, however, there were strikes which all won concessions. This year, with food prices soaring, agricultural wages have thus actually dropped. And in some places, such as Hayward, relief work-

ers were taken off relief and forced to work in the fields at any price set on the threat of starvation off relief.

In every county in California the United Front of Violence—Chambers of Commerce, Associated Farmers (read "shipper-grower-bankers") of California, police, sheriffs, district attorneys—have had anti-picketing laws passed and vigilante organizations formed to keep wages low and introduce terror at the least sign of workers standing up for an "American" standard of living (read "agitation"). The vigilantes are organized to introduce very alien standards of living, it might be noted in passing—Chinese coolie and Mexican peon wages.

When a few weeks ago the first terror started in Santa Rosa about a thousand workers packed up their crazy rasping Fords with their bundles and tents, and left. There were other crops coming along elsewhere and they didn't have to pick for 25 cents plus terror. They were not communists; they knew more about the problems of living on those wages than they did about "Das Kapital"—at least the book.

The brave vigilantes riding fearlessly in all directions at once, especially economically, now issued bulletins, "the crop was being peacefully picked, there was no need for trouble-makers, agitators were driven from the county, etc., etc." Then they tried to force the relief workers off relief and into the fields. The relief authorities refused. The farmers of Sonoma County saw their apples rotting, and they knew they were rotting, in spite of assurances in the Hearst papers from alien San Francisco that they were being picked. Some farmers paid thirty and thirty-five cents and got their apples picked. That made the low-wagers see redder than the red flag.

They charged, 300 strong, at five individuals, not apple pickers, as related elsewhere in this issue. The next days, as the State rang with denunciations, counter-denunciations and approvals, the Sheriff, the State Relief Director—and yes, the Chief of the Vigilantes, according to Richard V. Hyer of the *Examiner*, announced that workers need not be frightened about coming to Santa Rosa, they would not be molested if they would only come and pick, please, please come and pick—for twenty-five cents. But at the least sign of Americanism—standing up on their hind legs and asking for a living wage—there would be terror, tar, feathers, violence and maybe a little lynching bee. The workers said thanks and left the county.

The price of America is going down. Last September in the Salinas Valley lettuce strike, when vigilantes burned the Filipino ranch houses and State Highway Police helped run the Filipino lettuce pickers down the highroad at bayonet-point, night-riders threatened: "If you don't want to pick at thirty cents, get out: this is a thirty-cent country."

Sonoma County is a twenty-five cent county—or else.

"28 YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM"

WITH a certain amount of pardonable pride the editor of *PACIFIC WEEKLY* notes that a number of subscribers have admonished him during the past few months for having appeared to drop his "Twenty-Eight Years in a News Room" from the columns of the magazine. These admonishers haven't been anything like legion, but have, in a manner of speaking, been ardent. The most recent complaint calls for an explanation which might just as well be given to all four of you protestants at one and the same time.

It may not be so unpardonable for the editor to say that

when he started his "life" story he did actually feel that it would be an outstanding contribution to the columns of—well, any man's magazine. He thought, unpardonably, that it would probably far outweigh the worth of anything else that might be contributed. But he is not a man who doesn't know when he is whipped, and whipped he certainly was. The mail began to bring in from day to day manuscripts that so far outshone his own that he found himself overdoing the editor's prerogative of sending them precipitously back. But that couldn't go on forever and he finally capitulated. It was humbling, but quite the proper thing to do.

PACIFIC WEEKLY is now seeing much more sunshine than actually is shining around these parts now, and the big chance is that it won't be long before we will jump up a few pages in size. Then, "Twenty-Eight Years" will return and woe unto any offering from Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, Ella Winter or Governor Merriam that tries to crowd it out. That good old "editor's prerogative" will operate again.

PREACHERS MUST NOT PREACH

LAST year an "Inter-Religious Committee for Justice for Thomas J. Mooney" was formed in Los Angeles. Among the members of this committee were such well-known citizens as Prof. Reinhold Niebuhr, New York; Rev. John Haynes Holmes, New York; Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison, editor of *The Christian Century*, Chicago; Rabbi Stephen Wise, New York, and Kirby Page. The organizing genius in this committee was a young Methodist minister, Rev. Gross W. Alexander, of the large Rosewood Methodist-Episcopal Church at Los Angeles.

Rev. Mr. Alexander came to San Francisco where he worked for some time in the offices of the Mooney Molders' Defense Committee on Howard Street. Here he was engaged in compiling material for a pamphlet on the Mooney case to be used for distribution in the churches of America.

The pamphlet, called *Our American Dreyfus Case*, was published in the early part of this year. It contains forty-eight pages packed with valuable material, including Lillian Symes' article on the Mooney case from Harper's for May, 1931, from which it gets its name. But there is much material

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in *Our American Dreyfus Case* besides this well-written article. Here are excerpts from the Wickersham Commission Report, the famous dissenting opinion of Justice Langdon, quotations from world authorities, etc. The pamphlet ranks among the best material which has been published on the Mooney case to date.

How did the Methodist-Episcopal Church reward the young, socially-minded lover of justice, Rev. Gross W. Alexander, who had mobilized more than a hundred prominent ministers in Mooney's behalf, and who had spent much time and labor in preparing and issuing *Our American Dreyfus Case*?

Rev. Mr. Alexander's "radicalism" was rewarded with a demotion. He was asked to leave Los Angeles, and was gently but firmly removed to the small town of Pocatello on the eastern border of Idaho. Who has ever heard of Pocatello? It is a small town in Bannock County with Wyoming to the east and Utah to the south of it.

This county and this town are probably free from "those dangerous radical influences" with which Los Angeles is contaminated, according to the Methodist-Episcopal hierarchy. But it does not speak well for the Methodist Church when one of its courageous younger ministers, who has the guts to stand up for justice, is being punished with deportation to a mountain-post in the wilds of Idaho. If the Methodist Church in California cannot face the Mooney issue in any other way than the manner in which it handled Rev. Gross W. Alexander of Los Angeles, it is very much lacking in social sense and Americanism.

—PETER GULDBRANDSEN

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

THE INTEREST of Great Britain in the Italian-Ethiopian war has puzzled many people. There is a story that when England was helping Japan in her Manchurian adventure, the United States asked her to cease that help. American oil interests were losing out in China; Great Britain was more firmly established, deeply involved in the opium trade as well as in oil. England refused to withdraw her support of Japan.

Now England wanted the support of the United States in preventing Italy's conquest of Abyssinia. Such conquest would threaten England's hegemony of the Mediterranean—Gibraltar and Malta are powerful naval fortresses but practically useless in airplane fighting, at which Italy is strong. England's Egypt and England's India might get "ideas" if the Abyssinian colored peoples should be successful in a war. But the United States is said to have remarked—in the diplomatic language of diplomats—"Nix. You said No when we asked you for help against Japan, our enemy. Sorry, old boy."

The English have brought picked regiments of Indian soldiers to Africa. Picked means "good"—"safe" Indians—like the "good" Negroes in America. These are meant to act as a bulwark against discontent spreading to the British subjects in India.

The subject peoples of the world—the colonial peoples—the backward races the Great Nations of Forward Peoples

have been helping get culture and education (especially helping when oil and other raw materials were in their lands) are growing restive the world over. India has the Soviet Union on her northern borders; and the Soviet Union has treated the former subject races of Imperialist Russia as if they were plain human beings and citizens. This idea might spread.

THE EDITOR of a New York newspaper wired me for my opinion of the Bullitt note to the Soviet Union, the effects of the note on the present war situation and a comment on the Hearst campaign for severance of American relations with the Soviet Union. This is what I answered:

"Look out now. There's a world war around the corner and our grafters in business, politics, journalism and labor are grasping at the Communist International incident to hoot us into the conflict on the Fascist-Imperialist side, as Hearst and the smiling Japanese see and wish. We Americans may note well that they were not Russians, they were American citizens who reported the facts that frightened our desperate grafters, facts that I, for instance, would have been proud to report to a world convention: that American workers in unions were increasing their purchasing power and self-control. To hold Soviet Russia responsible for providing the scene where some Americans expressed their just pride in a democratic triumph like the strike on the Pacific Coast is as absurd as it would be for Soviet Russia to threaten war on us for letting Hearst lie about Russia or Communism.

"It's all a game to cover up the truth that our big business men who caused the depression, cannot see any way out except by having a war that will slaughter the millions of men their system cannot use and feed. That this war should be against Russia, the one union of countries that have found a democratic way out, only adds a grim smile to the great international joke. Their slogan should be: 'Kill the excess consumers and Communism in one stroke.'"

THE LETTER COLUMNS of the San Francisco *Chronicle* have been interesting this week. The *Chronicle* used to publish only such conservative or reactionary correspondence as it agreed with editorially and therefore its correspondence column was not the Safety Valve it claimed to be. Since its strong editorial against the "Frenzied Fascists" of Santa Rosa it has published a number of letters from liberals complimenting the paper on its fairness and courage. I wonder, doesn't the *Chronicle* enjoy being fair and courageous?

WHAT IS most interesting about vigilante action in the fields of California is that the vigilante farmers and shop-keepers are their own worst enemy. They are cutting their own throats by every fresh act of terror. If they achieve their object of keeping wages down the workers will have less to spend in their shops. One farmer who came to my house last summer spread his hands in horror at the thought of raising wages: "Why, do you know what those Mexicans would do with it if you paid them more than a dollar a day?" he said. "They'd spend it!"

But the shop-keepers in Salinas wore wry faces after the Filipinos were run out during the lettuce strike. "They were good spenders," they said. Who would buy their goods now? The national interests who control farming? It is hard to see Messrs Fleishhacker and Giannini buying their objets d'art or their wives their linen, glass and frocks at the Salinas Montgomery Ward branch or the Santa Rosa J. C. Penney.

A NUMBER OF the Santa Rosa vigilantes are reported to

have been American Legionnaires. I wonder why these men who reputedly showed bravery before a foreign enemy in war time, show such extraordinary cowardice and bullying propensities in their self-instigated civil wars at home. Three hundred ran out against one man and his wife and screaming children; three hundred had to gather to tar and feather two individuals.

In alien England this would be called not playing the game.

The real pioneer Americans, whose spirit has decidedly not entered into the vigilantes for safe-keeping, might turn in their graves. What we want to ask the Legionnaires is: Does their Americanism stand for courage or cowardice and if they mean courage, why don't they show some?

AS FOR VIOLENCE: how many subversive activity committee gentlemen and other Legionnaires, and true Americans, claim they don't like Communism because they say it means violence, and "they don't like violence"? What do they call vigilante raiding and night-riding?

Some of their members are less hypocritical. The Santa Rosa Press-Democrat of August 23 carries a long eyewitness story by one of the members of the vigilante party and his last remark reads: "The ultimatum has been issued. The vigilantes have proven they are ready and willing to back it up with violence."

IT IS AMUSING to tell our stories now before they know it that they probably will be all het up next year over the Constitution, standing up for it to the last vote. Nobody will be really against the Sacred Instrument, no attackers in sight, but the defenders will be out with fire in their eyes to save it

from desecration. The fact is that our reactionaries, having considered and reconsidered what to make their fight for their grafts about, are gradually deciding on the Constitution as about the only decent thing they can confess allegiance to, their sole political slogan, and so you see in Hearst and Co. the call to prepare for the campaign by making us all "constitution-conscious". The idea is that you can't appeal to the Constitution unless the voters know and have feelings about it. I mean feelings so blinding that an orator can stand on any corner and by merely waving an arm and saying the word "Constitution" arouse our wrath and make men forget their hunger and idleness.

AS AN OLD POLITICIAN and an ex-orator the Constitution does not strike me as very good politics. The sacred instrument is not sacred and never has been. History will show that it has been amended some eighteen times already. It contains provision for changes to make it move with the changing times and the biggest change is unrecorded; the interpretative, very gradual, fundamental alteration which Chief Justice Marshall worked from the bench when he set his court up above the executive and legislative branches of the government and seized for himself and his successors decisive, sovereign power. He took what the constitutional convention refused explicitly to grant him. And that's what one secret fight is about. The presidents of these United States, missing hunks of their executive power, have had to pack the court to get it back. The President might prefer some less political, more constitutional method. Anyway the "Constitution" slogan does not and will not conceal the truth: that some change is necessary and that said change cannot be backwards.



SERA'S CHILDREN

BY MARTHA CREED

WHEN, after miles of red tape, endless hours of waiting, innumerable questions and careful investigation, a "client" is certified for SERA relief and is presented with the standard "budget", his invariable question is, "But how can I live on that?", and the invariable answer is, "It's being done."

And it is, in fact, being done, and has been done by the ever-growing group of relief roll victims for the past year. The ways in which it can be done might be explained as follows to the bewildered novice: "You must lower your standard of living. You cannot, of course, expect to go on living in the manner to which you have been accustomed as a worker at your own trade in private industry. Your rent allowance on the SERA ranges from nothing to next-to-nothing, according to the size of your family. The place in which you are now living is much too expensive for your income under the SERA. You are, after all, no longer a bona fide worker, but an indigent, a charge of the government. Move into a rooming house, ill ventilated, without proper light or heat, dirty and squalid and within your means. Your food allowance is

\$9.23 per person per month. Perhaps you have before spent that much in a week and do not think it possibly can be managed—but it can. Many thousands of workers like you are managing. In fact, expert dieticians have worked out an excellent menu which will keep you alive quite adequately on that amount of money. Use meat substitutes and butter substitutes and stale bread. Dilute evaporated milk with water, and remember that Most Americans dig their graves with their teeth; it is better to under-eat than to over-eat (especially when you have worked all day on the road as a laborer, or have walked the streets in search of work)."

To many who have managed to stay above the bare margin between relief and a wage in private industry, the SERA is the government's act of magnificent generosity. A man out of work, by some subtle process, becomes in the mind of his fellow who is still receiving his pay check, somebody who was just not quite good enough to get a job and hold it. He becomes "an indigent", and the government is really performing an unusual piece of philanthropy in not only giving charity, but in "keeping up his morale" and calling that charity "work

relief"—allowing him to catch rats or pull up weeds or organize "professional" classes in canoeing in return for his hand-out. And he is really most fortunate to be handled in such a considerate manner.

This process of "keeping up the morale" was an interesting thing to watch over the period of this last year on SERA. Let us take the average client who came into the SERA office a year ago and see what has happened to him. Contrary to the contentions of many that "The poor are always with us", and that we simply have them in a slightly larger proportion at present, this SERA client is not what social workers call a "chronic indigent". Before he became an ID number on SERA he was a perfectly respectable worker, often skilled at his craft or profession, or possessed of a healthy muscular body which has always netted him a living as a laborer. In the last few years the intervals between jobs have become longer and the jobs themselves smaller with more and more meagre returns, until here he is at last in the SERA office asking for this so-wonderful "work relief" about which he has heard, at which a man can really work and not take charity until he can get on his feet again in his own trade, for invariably he is certain that it will only be a matter of weeks before he will get another job.

But it is not merely a matter of applying for work. There is the endless waiting, first for an interview, and thereafter for everything he ever needs from SERA. Does he wish to report some outside earnings? He must wait in line for an hour, or two, or three, in order to say one sentence to the man at the desk. Does he want information about his assignment? He must plan on spending at least a day at the SERA office before he is finally directed to the right person. And so, on his first day he has his initial wait for an interview.

It is not such a simple thing to get this relief work. There are the questions, questions, questions, about things he has not thought of for years, about all of his most personal affairs, his relatives, and his relatives' relatives—"How much does she make? How much does her husband make?" It is in vain that he protests that he does not want charity, but work. He is answered; "After all, you must remember that this is relief. If you do not answer the questions you will have no right to relief."

If he is convinced of nothing else during those first interviews and home visits, the newly certified SERA client understands definitely that he is now on relief. It becomes increasingly clear when he has been assigned to a project and he realizes what the "work" end of this work relief involves. Hills torn down by hand over a period of weeks or months, with steam shovels lying idle, hours of standing on street corners to count the number of cars that go by, classes in bridge-playing—all manner of useful things for the man who has sometimes spent years acquiring a skill or a profession, which he thought would some day be valuable to himself and to society.

With his first pay check comes the problem of "managing" on his budget. He is told that some clients manage beautifully. As time goes on and clothes and shoes wear out, he must discover what this beautiful way is, of managing to buy shoes and bare clothing necessities for himself and his dependents with a clothing allowance of \$1.00 per person per month. Gas and light bills come in monthly, stop-notices from the utilities company become a common part of his daily mail; he is told that if he does not pay his utility bills the allowance will be deducted from his budget; the gas is turned off and he has to find the money to have it turned on again, and a hearty

meal becomes a vague memory of the past. He is presented with a food card which entitles him to surplus food commodities. On the dates designated he goes hopefully to the commissary, often walking the whole way because carfare is not a part of the budget, to be presented with a bunch of shriveled carrots or antique asparagus, with which to "supplement" his food allowance.

This exemplary way of life is certainly not the best thing in the world for his health. SERA, which has been in existence for a year, has made no provision until now for the medical and dental care of its clients. He wants to know where he and his family can have their teeth cared for. He is told that he may have his teeth extracted if they bother him. There is provision for nothing else. One client had all of his teeth extracted and then could not get an extra allowance for dental plates because the clinic stated that "lack of teeth was not detrimental to the health". The client has the alternative of keeping his decaying teeth or doing without entirely. Before this month, when a medical-dental program has finally been started, if he wanted dental repairs for himself or his children, that, too, had to come out of the budget—out of the \$9.23 for food or the \$12 for rent, or from someplace, he alone would have to find out where.

There is, of course, the county clinic, but here he becomes entangled in more miles of red tape. The residence requirements for SERA have been one year. Clinic requirements vary—usually they require three years residence. And the clinics, not equipped to handle the influx of recent "indigents" in need of care, have been absolutely swamped. Again it is a question of waiting for a whole day in the anteroom of the county clinic only to be told that he is "ineligible" for care. He must go to a private physician or to a part pay clinic, the funds of which will again come out of this elastic budget of his. And so diseased tonsils must continue to multiply their bacteria in his children, weak eyes grow weaker; general malnutrition and despair are the only things that thrive on SERA.

With regard to malnutrition, some really ironic incidents occurred during the budget-reduction in March. The clinic has been empowered to recommend extra food allowances for the seriously undernourished. Many of these recommendations were given just before the reduction in budgets (which incidentally took place when all commodity prices were on the upgrade). After the reduction, the client received his "extra allowance" for food, which left his budget exactly where it was before, and the extra nourishment which he was supposed to purchase remained a figment in the imaginations of those who recommended it.

And so this splendid process of keeping up the morale has gone on for a whole year. Living at a bare subsistence level or less, with long hours or days between his short periods of useless work, with no money for even the smallest amusements, unless he wants to walk to where the nearest SERA chorus, emaciated hopeless individuals like himself, is singing; with a still more rhythmic symphony of his own ringing in his ears, the reiterated "nothing today" of personnel men who look at his broken shoes and strained face and brand him, something strange happens to this formerly skilled craftsman, this trained professional, this healthy laborer. "Really," the social workers say, "one would think he would have the decency not to spend his whole salary on liquor", or, "Can you imagine the brutality of the man, deserting his wife and children at a time like this?" Insanity, jail sentences, for rape, for theft, for numbers of crimes against society crop up among

formerly "perfectly respectable" individuals.

A new set of initials is now being presented to the growing crop of indigents. WPA will replace SERA. Instead of working for a few hours a month at the wage scale he has always expected for his work, the client will now work full

time for a correspondingly decreased wage. He will have less time in which to think about problems like adequate food for his family, he will have to work harder at a job for which in private industry he would have received a real salary. Who knows? Perhaps it will stiffen his morale.

+

THE SANTA ROSA OUTRAGE

BY BEATRICE R. KINKEAD

MAKE no mistake about it. Public opinion is not behind the Santa Rosa mob which went out on the night of August 21, got drunk, ran amuck, tarred and feathered two peaceable citizens of California, manhandled and threatened three others and set up such a terror that workers are now avoiding Sonoma County and the hop growers are afraid they are not going to get their hops picked.

Public opinion, meaning by that the opinion of the majority of the people, is not behind them. But something temporarily stronger than public opinion is behind them. Employers, officials and those controlling the armed forces of the City, County and State are behind them. The press, kept by the same forces which control the City, County and State officials, is behind them. This question should be clearly understood in analyzing the Santa Rosa outrage. It is an outrage planned, perpetrated and protected by the armed forces of "constituted government". In opposing it we must know what we are opposing.

Because this small mob of three hundred hoodlums, full of booze, singing, shouting, "making whoopee" in every imaginable way, know they have the support of the State, the County and the City officials, they dare go out and commit acts of banditry which not even their backers yet dare openly defend.

Why do I make this statement so confidently? Because on Friday, August 23, a delegation of California citizens, representing the membership of several national and state organizations—the American League Against War and Fascism, the National Committee for Defence of Political Prisoners, the Democratic Council, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Unemployed Council, the International Labor Defense—went to Santa Rosa to investigate the situation and demand the arrest and punishment of the members of this mob.

And what was our reception at the hands of the authorities of the City and County? I will tell you the story of the day.

We were thirteen persons, nine men and four women, in three automobiles. A few miles south of Santa Rosa we stopped at the home of a small farmer where the Nitzbergs had fled after their home had been raided and made uninhabitable by the attacks with gas bombs. Here we heard the story from the lips of a bright eleven-year-old boy, the son of Nitzberg.

"I was asleep," he said, "and suddenly I heard a big pounding at the door. I called papa and he got up and went to the door and asked who it was. When Jack Green said it was

him and he wanted to get in papa opened the door. Then Jack jumped in and closed the door quick and told papa the mob had him. He was all bleeding and his clothes were torn. So then papa got his shotgun and Jack took a rifle and they told the mob they'd shoot them if they didn't go away. They kept shooting out of the window. Mama was awfully scared. After a while they threw tear gas bombs in the house and then mama said we had to go out because she was scared for us children. So we went out and they took papa and Jack and went off yelling and blowing their horns."

"How did it feel to be gassed?"

"It was awful. I'm still sick," but he said it with a grin and showed no sign of terror.

The farmer with whom he had taken refuge was going about his work openly, the Nitzbergs were staying there openly. All the neighbors round about knew they were there and they felt protected by them and not at all afraid of the populace in general. This point I want to make clear. It is not the general populace, not an enraged community that is making the terror. It is a small, organized group, supported by the authorities, which is doing the raiding. The people themselves as a community have nothing to do with it. But they are scared, too, and naturally. When they see their sheriff and deputies, their district attorney and their mayor on the side of a gang of drunken, reckless hoodlums, armed with guns and with tear gas which can be obtained only from the County, State or City authorities, they are naturally alarmed.

Arriving in Santa Rosa we made no attempt to conceal our identity nor our errand, which was to protest the outrage and demand that the authorities take steps to apprehend and punish the perpetrators of it.

We went first to the newspapers of the town to make sure that our presence should be widely advertised. At the office of the *Press-Democrat* we were politely, though timorously, received by a middle-aged editor who in the mildest tone and in a voice lowered almost to a whisper, talked for twenty minutes with our spokesman, Ben Legere, and in perfunctory phrases did agree that it was "deplorable". His paper had, however, carried no ringing rebuke. It had carried the news without editorial comment. At the next newspaper office, the *Independent*, our reception was torrid. The editor, an old man, came to meet us trembling with rage and excitement. He denounced us as "Reds" and "Communists" and burst forth into a tirade of abuse of all "agitators". Hard pressed by the questioning of Ben Legere, he did in the end say that he wouldn't actually come out and say that the mob's action was

to be commended. His words, repeated again and again, were: "Well, two wrongs don't make a right. But get that, I said two wrongs." Although we urged him to be explicit and state precisely and concretely what the initial "wrong" had been which had precipitated the second, he refused to cite one single act of lawlessness on the part of those he called indiscriminately "Reds", "Agitators", "Communists" . . . "Why, you know as well as I do what they want. They preach the overthrow of our government—the best government on earth—and want to have us ruled by Moscow."

Believe it or not, those were the only charges he could bring. Of course, in the course of his conversation it was clear that the strike of apple pickers was what he really meant. The apple pickers had dared strike and demand higher pay. He felt that unless something drastic was done the hop pickers and prune pickers and grape pickers would follow this subversive example. But he would not make that as his charge. No, the terrible threat as he saw it was that "the Communists and the IWW communists, and I tell you there's no difference at all between them, want to overthrow our government and have us ruled by Moscow."

And this man is the editor of a newspaper, with power to shape public opinion through his news and editorial columns.

We finally let him off and left him white and trembling, all but foaming at the mouth. "Clearly," we thought, "if he did not himself take part in the raid he is closely connected with it and knows some at least of the members of the gang."

There was no doubt about it, the full force of his support was on the side of the mob.

Now we started for the sheriff's office. By this time heralds had gone before us announcing our coming and Sheriff Patteson, thinking perhaps discretion the better part of valor, was hurrying down the steps to his waiting car just as we approached. We tried to intercept his flight. But with trembling lips and infuriated face he, almost shaking his fist in our faces, lunged on and merely said: "I haven't time to talk to such people as you and I can tell you you'd better get out of town if you know what is good for you and get out quick." With that, flanked by a sturdy deputy, he hastened to his waiting car and was off.

Deputy Sheriff Money, however, who was also out front of the office and seemed to be on the way somewhere, was not so lucky. We surrounded him and successfully prevented his escape. About him stood husky deputies, stars gleamed on their chests, pistols bulged on their hips. On the sidewalk, at a distance of about fifty feet, some fifteen or twenty men had gathered. They watched proceedings with interest, talking among themselves. Perhaps they were there to protect their sheriff in case we tried to rush him. As the conversation dragged on and on they, one by one, overcome with curiosity, came nearer and listened. At first the burly sheriff, (he said his name was Money—there was much discussion in the group afterwards as to whether this was a name or a symbol) was truculent. The same old threats that "You'd better get out of town and get out quick if you know what is good for you."

"But," we said sweetly, "can't you protect us?"

"No, I can't. The power of the sheriff is only as strong as the man-power behind it." (This phrase he had evidently read somewhere and liked the sound of for he kept repeating it over and over again during the conversation. In fact, it is the one thing in his conversation that one remembers best. The rest was more or less incoherent and jumbled.)

"And I can tell you," he continued, "that the man-power of Sonoma County is aroused and they are not going to tol-

erate such people as you here and I cannot protect you . . ." etc., etc., etc.

I couldn't, at this point, resist moving up close to the side of a sturdy-looking, be-starred and be-armed assistant deputy and saying with a trusting smile, "You'll take care of me, won't you?" He looked blank for a moment, then for the first time his face melted into a really human expression and he said, and I think he meant it for the moment, "Yes, I'll take care of you."

After holding the unwilling deputy in conversation on the steps, in the very center of town, in full sight of all and sundry, for at least a half hour we finally, after formally filing our protests, giving names of the organizations we represented and our own names, went on to the mayor's office. He was out. He would be out until after lunch.

So we lunched. Again the mayor was out. Evidently the mayor's office had had more time than the sheriff's to get out and lock the door.

After lunch we drove over to visit the Greens. They live, with their two boys of about eight and ten, in a typical Santa Rosa bungalow. They were naturally a bit startled when we drove up, but we were given a hearty welcome when they found out who we were.

The papers have carried stories day after day about how the victims of the mob were frightened and leaving town. This is absolutely false. Mrs. Green's own story is the most heartening thing in the whole ugly situation. She reacted as every free-born American citizen should react to such outrages. If we were all as brave and as intelligent as she Fascism would have no chance in America.

"Jack came home early that evening," she said, beginning at the beginning, "and said he didn't have time for dinner as he had to be at a union meeting in Petaluma. He's been an active union man for years but he's never been a communist. About three o'clock in the morning I woke up and found that he hadn't come home and I was scared. I got up but I haven't any telephone and I didn't want to bother the neighbors until morning. When he didn't come I got more and more worried and at six o'clock I went over to a neighbor's and telephoned to a lot of his friends but they didn't know anything about him. When I got back to the house there were two newspaper reporters there and they told me about it. At first I went off into hysterics—I have a weak heart. But then I came to and I said, "I'm going right down to the sheriff's office and make him find my husband."

Neighbors tried to dissuade her. Not one of them dared go with her. But she donned her hat and set out, alone, and went to the office of the sheriff and gave him a tongue lashing which left him speechless. "You find my husband. He's never done a thing against anybody and they have no right to treat him like this, the drunken hoodlums . . ."

Returning to the house she found that her husband had been brought home in the meantime. After cleaning off the tar and feathers, clipping his hair, bandaging his wounds, sending for the doctor for his broken ribs, she got him into bed. Neighbors begged her to send him somewhere into hiding.

"I will not. We're going to stay right here."

And stay they did and do.

Meantime the Hearst press carries stories of their terror, how they are cowed and fleeing before the righteous wrath of sturdy embattled farmers.

A much better news story would be the real story of the

high courage and plain common sense of this plucky little woman who all alone braved the constituted authorities who let loose these bandit gangs to try to terrify workers in Sonoma County, in California, and in the United States of America

so they will crawl on hands and knees to the feet of the owning class and humbly take any job, any time, at any price, then kiss the flag in whose name it is done and sing "Sweet Land of Liberty".



CONSTITUTION-CONSCIOUS

BY CAREY MCWILLIAMS

LACKING an ideological justification, the first crude attempts to create a fascist set-up in America—the Khaki shirts of Art Smith, the U. S. American Union of Fascists, Inc., of E. G. Astone, the Crusader White Shirts of George W. Christians—proved to be abortive. The failure of these early escapades demonstrated that the business of setting up an extra-governmental fascist force in the United States is beset with great practical difficulties. The Weimar Constitution, for example, was never a constitution in the sense that the Constitution of the United States is a constitution. Consequently the tendency is for the "center of gravity of fascization" to be located in the national government. The condition that impends in the United States is, therefore, fascism by law. The strategy at the moment is to make the federal government the instrumentality by which fascism is to be established (consider, for example, the demand of the National Civic Federation of July 13, 1935, that an additional appropriation be given the G-Men "to destroy the Communist organization in this country"; the press build-up for J. Edgar Hoover and his henchmen is clearly pointed in this direction); and, to accomplish this end, to make a fetish of the Constitution itself. What the reactionary forces seek, of course, is to utilize the Constitution as a legal cover for further fascization.

To carry out this agitation, a very powerful organization has been formed in Los Angeles: *The Constitution Society of the United States*, incorporated on March 5, 1935. It is the most formidable organization of its character to appear in California. Heavily subsidized, it has a permanent headquarters and staff in Los Angeles with a branch office in San Francisco. The sponsors of the society, both in San Francisco and Los Angeles, include representatives of all the important industries, financiers, prominent professional men and women—the large capitalists and the upper middle class. The board of governors includes several celebrated red-baiters: Capt. John D. Fredericks, who served as special prosecutor in the famous McNamara trial; Louise Ward Watkins, and Benj. F. Bledsoe, who, when a Federal judge, achieved a record in the war-time sedition trials for unrivaled brutality and vindictiveness. The society has been founded to fight "Communism, Epicism, Utopianism and Radicalism"—surely an inclusive grouping of opposition elements. Locally the society has been broadcasting over stations KHJ, KGB and KDB, every Thursday, with such speakers as Mr. Hugh Gallagher, vice-president of the Waterfront Employers Association; Walter A. Dold, chief deputy city attorney of San Francisco (who is apparently engineering a political "build-up"); Chief of Police James E. Davis, and Dr. F. W. Emerson, press agent for

the local sheriff's office. Most of the radio speeches are printed and distributed as pamphlets. The favorite slogan at the moment is "YOU FURNISH THE AMMUNITION—WE WILL DO THE FIGHTING". The society intends to celebrate Constitution Day—September 17—by appropriate and impressive ceremonies: in Los Angeles seven planes of the 115th Observation Squadron, California National Guard, will perform aerial maneuvers and 20,000 members of the American Legion will "co-operate", while orators extol the Constitution. With this movement, the Hearst papers are co-operating splendidly: the *Los Angeles Examiner* of August 23, 1935, contained a blazing editorial on "ALL AMERICANS MUST BE MADE CONSTITUTION-CONSCIOUS". While boasting that it is non-political, the society managed to take a very active part in recent councilmanic elections in Los Angeles.

A somewhat similar organization is that of *American Women, Incorporated*, formed on February 16, 1935, "to oppose communistic, socialistic activities", by fifteen prominent Los Angeles clubwomen who had been active in the Merriam campaign, including Louise Ward Watkins, Margaret Kerr (secretary of the *Better American Federation*), and Gertrude Rounsaville, member of the Board of Education. In a sense, this society is merely the alter ego of that czaritsa of the 30,000 Los Angeles clubwomen—the formidable Louise Ward Watkins. Mrs. Watkins is a member of the State Planning Board, by appointment of Governor Merriam, and as head of Mr. Hearst's sadistic campaign to de-humanize the parole laws she has struck terror in the hearts of judges, police officials, editors and clergymen throughout the state. The function of the organization is to intimidate clubwomen and to coerce various social, philanthropic and educational societies, such as the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. Incidentally, I have a lovely photograph of Mrs. Watkins, with some of the more portly dowagers of her shock-troops, assembled at the Los Angeles Police Pistol Range, where, after listening to a blood-stirring anti-red harangue, they were given the first in a series of lessons on accurate pistol fire by the ever-gallant Jim Davis, Chief of Police. Thus, when the radicals storm Los Angeles, they will be met by a barrage of deadly fire from Major-General Watkins and her Matrons Pistol Brigade.

Other organizations are jumping into the big parade to make America constitution-conscious. From New York comes word of the formation of the *National Americanization League* (July 3) which "will model its program on that of the California vigilantes of olden days". Also from New York, on August 14, came the notification of the formation of

American Nationalists, Inc., claiming 500,000 members, and advertised as "a secret non-partisan national political organization to combat communism and defend the Constitution and American ideals". In California, one of the latest of the new "patriotic" organizations, is *American Fellowship*. Its San Francisco director is Mr. Evan F. Lovett. On August 13, 1935, the organization sponsored a nation-wide broadcast of a speech by John Francis Neylan, general counsel for the Hearst interests, in which he urged Americans to create "a great spiritual, unifying bond among our people", to stimulate loyalty to existing economic arrangements. The *California Council for National Loyalty* was formed at a meeting in the Clark Hotel in Los Angeles on July 10, 1935. One speaker emphasized that "every other nation in the world is stimulating patriotism in an emotional way but in this respect America is quiescent". The statement is revealing, for it indicates that our red-baiters have now become self-conscious fascists, deliberately drumming up a wave of synthetic nationalism as a means of diverting attention from present day economic and social evils.

Many other organizations are rapidly falling in line. The *Crusaders* were originally organized to advocate repeal of the prohibition amendment. Today, re-organized, they have impressive offices in Los Angeles and announce that they intend to set up a political organization with units in each congressional district. There is the usual set-up: elegant offices, a high-salaried manager, secretaries, and a series of carefully planned propagandistic radio programs. I have a collection of the reprints of these addresses, most of which seem to have been devoted to extolling the virtues of the privately-owned electrical industry. "Wake Up America!" is the theme music for their radio programs:

"Wake Up, America!
Let Freedom once more reign;
Wake up, America,
Remove your chains again.
Down with graft,
Dishonesty must fall;
End reforms that drive us to the wall,
Let Freedom enter Freedom's Hall.

Come along Crusaders
Join the throng Crusaders,
Cure the wrongs that you can see.
Be alive Crusaders
Forward drive Crusaders
Keep our Constitution free
Onward, onward join the big parade
Live and rear your children unafraid
Vote and Fight Crusaders,
Vote for Right Crusaders,
Stop this mad hypocrisy!"

By reference to the re-prints, "this mad hypocrisy" can be readily identified as the attempt to regulate the holding companies.

Through its so-called "Americanism Program", the *Junior Chamber of Commerce* has joined up with the Constitution-Conscious drive. Recently the junior fascists sponsored an "Americanism Day" program in Los Angeles, at which Dr. A. H. Giannini was the principal speaker. He announced that political and economic dissenters should be tried for treason; that it is un-American to advocate repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Act; that "our flag is not of one color—red—but that it is blended with white and blue". Dr. Giannini's talk was,

in fact, exactly the same speech, word for word, that he delivered recently in Sacramento before a joint luncheon of the Rotary and Advertising Clubs, when he said that "Communism should be stamped out in the United States as Mussolini stamped it out in Italy"—a singular utterance from one so urgently solicitous about the Americanism of his fellow citizens.

While such tendencies continue to grow more formidable, the opposition is undermined by the confusion of the confused. In an *Epic News* editorial which has been widely commented upon in the press, Mr. Upton Sinclair tells the American people exactly how to avoid fascism. This highly desirable objective is to be accomplished by the Communists "disbanding their Communist organizations and quitting their Communist activities in the United States. It is they, with their talk of violence and their threats of revolution, who give impetus to Fascism in the United States, and make it possible for the real fascists to drag out a bogey man to frighten the middle class". This statement does not differ substantially from a declaration by Mr. Hearst (November 24, 1934): "Let us realize that there is no danger of Fascism as long as there is no danger of Communism". Indeed, this theory of fascism as an incident to communism, is quite widely held today. But a moment's reflection should be sufficient to refute it. The organizations back of the drive to make America Constitution-Conscious are not spending huge sums of money because they fear the Communist Party as a menace to their power and prosperity. At present, they use the word "Communist" as an adjective, not as a noun. They want to capture the reaction of the middle class in order to create a popular sanction for their drive to unite political and economic power in a federal dictatorship, constitutionally imposed. Far from opposing this drive, Mr. Sinclair and his ilk further it. The best way to fight fascism, simply enough, is to fight fascism.

THE THEATER

BOLSHEVISM WITHOUT CAFFEINE

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

LAST Monday night's audience at the Curran—a typical smart, well-fed, comfortable opening night audience—had a thoroughly nice time of it. It was seeing the charming and talented Ina Claire, and it was seeing her in a nice reassuring play about a communist. A play about a nice, reassuring kind of communist, the sort one can be tolerant about. He was young and handsome and well dressed. And he wasn't going around menacing people's comfort and security; his only misdemeanor was that he had taken a shot at Hitler, because of which droll escapade the play *Ode to Liberty* found him hiding from the Paris gendarmerie—in Miss Claire's apartment.

It seems Miss Claire was the wife of Reactionary French Capitalist Robert Warwick with whom she was so frightfully bored that she was considering a liaison with Liberal Publisher Anderson Lawler. The triangle might soon have been well organized had it not been for the abrupt entrance of Commu-

nist Alexander Clark, disguised as a policeman. The fellow insisted upon sharing Miss Claire's apartment with her, an arrangement to which she first objected, then found amusing, and finally doted upon.

That's about all the story there is. She bought her Bolshevik a suit of civilian clothes, fed him thick beefsteaks and fell in love with him. He discovered that for her and her alone he could be persuaded to give up the revolution and settle down on a chicken ranch. But she wouldn't let him do any such thing, it would have made him too much like her reactionary husband and her liberal publisher. So instead she decided to send him revolting around Europe and provide him with a home and fireside between coups d'etat.

The Curran audience, predominant with pre-eminently nice people, had a swell time, as aforementioned. The good burghers and their dames applauded Miss Claire's wit and admired her gowns and her swank moderne apartment despite the hideous anachronism of the Roman chariot on the wall. They even felt indulgent about the good-looking young communist, and how they chuckled when they observed him succumbing to the charms of Miss Claire, the luxury of her bailiwick and the abundance of her pantry!

They didn't mind the lad being a communist because he was a French communist—Paris can cast a glamor over even the sinister figure of a devotee of the dreaded dogma of Marx. And all the business about doing things for the Hungarian miners and freeing the proletariat from slavery seemed so comfortably remote there was no reason for getting exercised about it. It wasn't a play about communism at all; merely a play about an attractive youth wearing a red label.

If any real communists go to the Curran and *Ode to Liberty*, the chances are their only emotion about it will be one of mild irritation. If they expect a subtly vicious attack upon their political position, they will be disappointed. Sidney Howard, who adapted it from Michael Duran's *Liberte Provisoire*, has skillfully avoided any such tactic. His communist is even upbraided by a comrade for shooting at Hitler and told that terrorism has no place in the party's program. The only criticism one can make of the young red is that he never becomes a living character or the symbol of a living movement. There is something faintly comic-opera about him. Politically he is correct, but it is impossible to see him as the representative of a movement grown out of the historical necessity to end hunger and strife and exploitation. In fact, hunger and strife and misery are kept strictly out of *Ode to Liberty* and so it becomes a pleasant comedy for bourgeois consumption.

But it doesn't make a bad evening, however insignificant a one. Miss Claire is one of the stage's ablest comedienues and Mr. Clark and Mr. Warwick are pretty knowing actors. *Ode to Liberty* will give the intellectually alive playgoer neither great delight nor great offense. And it will cause the comfortable folk no insomnia; the caffeine has been carefully removed from its bolshevism.

IN my rambles about the show marts I finally came across *Black Fury*, which is just the opposite of *Ode to Liberty*. It is a vicious glorification of the labor faker and a pretentious attempt to confuse the minds of its spectators as to the causes of industrial unrest. Paul Muni, used as a symbol of working class consciousness, insults the working class by portraying a beetle-browed dupe of the Pinkertons.

It is the Pinkertons, according to *Black Fury*, who start strikes, not conditions in the coal mines or the greed of the operators. These fellows, it appears, dupe both owners and

workers and disrupt what except for them would be a happy family of workers and bosses. The honest labor fakers are the only ones who see through the chicanery, but they are unable to hold the men back and the strikes which result always do more harm than good to the cause of decent, conservative labor. Credit Warners, who produced *Black Fury*, with one of the most damaging and anti-social pieces of propaganda they have yet contrived.

BOOKS

PLANNING AND PLANNING

BY DOROTHY ERSKINE

IN THE world's history each period has its special problem. In our time it is the problem of planning our plentiful economic resources for human use." This gives the key to the New York Conference of the International Industrial Relations Institute of 1934, which was a sequel to one in Amsterdam in 1931. Both had to do with Planning. Both were attended by technicians, economists, engineers and public officials. The papers read before the Conference in New York are now gathered into a book *On Economic Planning**, and represent the first serious attempt to clarify this much confused subject for the public. For that reason it is intensely interesting and suggestive.

Beginning with Alfons Goldschmidt we get a definition of types of Planning. There are two kinds: static or dynamic, planning for poverty or for plenty, for an efficient introduction of soup kitchens or a standard of living commensurate with our ability to produce. Pericles and the Incas mapped out a self-sufficient and static society. So did the Jesuits in Paraguay. Mussolini and Hitler are doing the same today. Into what category does the New Deal fall? We might just as well face it at once. There is Social Planning and Fascist Planning. The first expands, the latter restricts production. One is to better the condition of all, the other is to preserve the privileged position of those on top. There is no use being deluded by the mere word "plan". If it is just organizing bankruptcy and destitution, if it is only centralizing destruction (in time of war) or loss (in time of depression), it is not "social" planning. Until the nineteenth century people could not even conceive of "social" planning, because up to that time they had been restricted by actual scarcity and actual ignorance. Now it is different. It is as though we drew about us a circle of chalk and then wrung our hands and cried that we were trapped. Whatever obstacles there are, we have made them for ourselves by old customs or outworn education. Nothing insuperable—get that clear. Every article in the book does its bit towards inviting us out of the magic circle in giving clear and definite information on recent attempts at social co-ordination. What, for instance, has been done by the International Labor Bureau in Geneva? Will Public Works lead us out of the depression? And what about the NRA and the AAA? Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Wilson calls

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the AAA an emergency measure—not a plan. However, it is building new habit patterns in the farming sections. There is close co-operation now with the government, production-control by farmers, voting on economic questions by a referendum, and insistent demand for federal crop insurance. Says Wilson; "The adjustment program is not bound to an economy of scarcity. There is nothing to prevent it from being in complete harmony with extended purchasing power and an ever expanding standard of living." The mechanism is being developed which may serve a "social" plan. That is encouraging to know. A capable man in the actual field sees beyond the immediate situation. This ties in with Miss van Kleeck's own paper on "Planning for the United States". According to her figures, a decent standard of living for 120 million calls for the extension of 40 million acres of cultivated land rather than the retirement of the 40 millions demanded by the AAA.

There is the report by Ossinsky, Vice-Chairman of the State Planning Commission of the U. S. S. R. Only in Russia has rationalization been raised to the level of a national program capable of abolishing poverty. There, six Institutes are devoted to training hundreds of experts in the new technique of national planning. Earl Browder, the Secretary of the American Communist Party, in his paper calls on our technicians and engineers to formulate a plan for a functional society which can be supported by the working classes of this country. Dr. Polakov, consulting engineer, proves that productive resources, physical and mechanical, run far ahead of the present profitable market and are capable, should obstacles in the economic system be removed, of providing all families with \$4,300 a year.

Then why don't we? Yes, why don't we? Can we plan what we do not own? Ownership has something to do with planning. The two tie up together. And possession and property are things about which people get irrationally agitated. However, it is something when those in the thick of things use their trained minds to point a new social end. It is significant they pool their experiences in this book. Perhaps it is prophetic of a future method. Once I innocently asked; "Where can we find a super-brain to plan for a nation?" Instantly Miss van Kleeck flashed: "We need no super-brain. Millions will make the Plan."

FAILURE STORY: A SUCCESS

THE MAN ON THE BARGE, by Max Miller. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Barbara and Haakon M. Chevalier)

MAX MILLER's books, since the eminently successful *I Cover the Waterfront*, published in 1932, have enjoyed a notable popularity. The present book is his fifth. All five are woven of the same stuff and in the same loose, irregular pattern. None of the four later books, in which Miller has with exemplary diligence and thrift exploited the success of the first, quite equals what may properly be termed the original book. The virtues of *I Cover the Waterfront* were freshness, vividness and originality of manner. These virtues are still present in the succeeding books, but to a lesser degree. In a sense, these may all be regarded as one book—the one book that each one of us is supposed to have in him. But Miller seems to have used the best of his material in his first book. There is not enough substance or fertility in what he has to say, not enough resourcefulness in his technique to make a

meaty, savory and nourishing book.

The Man on the Barge, like his other books, is written in the form of a series of episodes involving a miscellaneous assortment of people into whose lives the narrator, by virtue of his occupation, is afforded a brief glimpse. The narrator in this case is John, the captain of a pleasure fishing barge anchored off the coast of Southern California. John is a mild, easy-going fellow of thirty-five who, in spite of ability and a college education, has been unable to find a place for himself in the world of men and who has escaped to the barge, a kind of limbo in which the dynamics of life do not operate, and over which he rules like a disembodied spirit. He is a failure, and he knows it. But he is not resentful. He has worked out a philosophy—a sweetish, diluted, slightly mystical, slightly ironical concoction—that enables him to juggle the debits and credits of life in such a way that the credit balance is always slightly in his favor. Each day the chore-boat brings to the fishing-barge a collection of human specimens—college athletes, lecturers, newspapermen, badly-dressed conventional women, prostitutes. They are mostly pathetic, ill-adjusted people, and most of the incidents point to frustration and failure. To these people John discreetly conveys his message of Pollyanna gladness, lends a helping hand, contrives occasionally to lessen human misery.

The book is a picture of the American lower middle class, and portrays their despair. Ignoring the philosophizing patter, the book may be read with profit as one more study in social disintegration. Miller's popularity must be explained by the fact that he contrives for the disinherited middle class an illusion of dignity and self-respect. It's the old trick of building mansions for the soul when the flesh is starved and sick. "By God, I am a satisfied man," John exclaims, when he reflects that he has successfully passed the age of thirty. So many others have died before that time! All the sensations, thoughts, pleasures and ecstasies which he had received since that age "were additional". One wonders how much degradation and suffering would be needed to ruffle such sublime complacency. Nietzsche, when he was once asked "what was most important", answered: "To spare all men shame." Miller's books—though I do not wish to exaggerate their importance—would deepen men's shame by inducing them to become resigned to it.

WASTING YOUR MONEY

SKIN DEEP, by M. C. Phillips. (Vanguard Press) \$2

(Reviewed by Fern McGrath)

THE cost of the cosmetic in the bottle is two cents; the price to you is one dollar; the effect on your skin is the same as that of plain cold water. You have merely wasted your money. But here is another cosmetic, cost thirty-five cents, price to you ten dollars a jar. One woman who used it lost all the hair on her head; another developed multiple neuritis; a steady stream of injuries from its use have been reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. With this preparation you have endangered your health.

This book "names the names" of such "beauty" products, as well as of those which unbiased research has found good. It discusses the values of every kind of cosmetic: cold creams, face powders, lipsticks, hair restorers, sunburn preventives, soaps, fat reducers, and the rest. The exciting thing about the book is that particular trade names are everywhere men-

tioned, and that the source of the evidence concerning each one is always definitely referred to.

Why do we buy so many cosmetics that are inferior, or harmful, or fantastically over-priced, or merely useless? Miss Phillips takes this up, too. She presents many damning illustrations of the false or misleading, but alluring advertisements that persuade us to purchase. A whole chapter is devoted to cosmetic advertisements, in certain prominent women's magazines.

The author ends her study with a strong argument for a government "Department of the Consumer" to protect women against the health and money hazards of dangerous or fraudulent cosmetics.

HOW THE SEXES DIFFER

SEX AND TEMPERAMENT IN THREE PRIMITIVE SOCIETIES, by Margaret Mead. (Morrow) \$3

(Reviewed by Grant Cannon)

IN HER latest book Margaret Mead asks the question "Are there any innate temperamental differences between the sexes?" She then goes about answering this fundamental question in rather a superficial manner and comes to the conclusion that there are no such differences. It would be unfitting in a short review to attempt either to prove or disprove her contentions but we can at least point out a few phases of the problem which we would have enjoyed having discussed.

One of the basic requirements for experimental science is a control. That is, there must be some one feature in all the experiments on a single subject which remains the same in each test. Some one condition which, remaining the same, forms the basis for comparison. Dr. Mead has had to take three living cultures for her experiment. Using these three groups she makes her comparisons and draws her conclusions. But where is her control? She has none and apparently does not recognize the lack of one nor takes its absence into account when generalizing upon her facts.

It is true that the lack of such a control in similar studies has long been one of the great problems of social sciences but it has been found that a careful study and evaluation of the economic systems involved will roughly serve the purpose. Certainly the basis upon which a society is founded should be taken into account when attempting to compare it to another society and to explain the differences found. Dr. Mead, however, prefers to let economics go by the board and explains the differences between the sexual status of men and women in the same society and in different societies by the interaction of man upon society and society upon man.

In reading her account one finds that the Arapesh, the first group described by Dr. Mead, live on a bare subsistence vegetable diet in the unfertile mountain country. In this group, Dr. Mead tells us, there is no temperamental difference between the sexes, both are passive, cooperative, "feminine" (according to our standards). The cannibalistic Mundugumor, we gather, have a better time of it, as they live in a more fruitful part of New Guinea and are able to add a considerably greater amount of protein to their diet. In this group also we find that the sexes are temperamentally alike but here the ideal person is a turbulent, pugnacious, uncooperative individual. The positions of the sexes among the Tchambuli, which is the third tribe described, are interesting in that here the man is the flighty, unstable, dependent individual while the women are the more stolid, better-balanced sex. It is in-

teresting to note that economically the Tchambuli woman is more important than the man; she secures the large amount of fish and vegetables which form the basic food of their community, while the man's position is that of an artistic dilettante.

But rather than study the society as a dynamic, evolving whole, Dr. Mead plucks it from its economic setting and tries to understand the sexual personalities with reference only to the human relations which exist within the society. Rather than look for the reflection in society of man's adjustment to his environment, she begins with an *a priori* assumption that the patterns of culture are formed only by the interaction of society on the hereditary temperamental differences in the various individuals and these differences upon the society.

CORRESPONDENCE

WEBB DIDN'T HESITATE THEN

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

I should like to point out that last fall when District Attorney Neil McAllister was voted out of office in Sacramento, Attorney General Webb did not say, as he did about the investigation in Santa Rosa, "And anyway, the new law enabling me to step in does not provide funds for enforcement until September 15."

No, Mr. Webb put Mr. McAllister and two special prosecutors in office to prosecute the Sacramento Criminal Syndicalism Case. Money was found to pay the salaries, and I believe that it was taken from the county relief fund.

Communists are accused of plotting the overthrow of the government. They are really concerned with the capitalist or profit system, and the government only so far as it represents that system. If the government and its laws can be made to cease representing that system, well and good, and that is the aim now of a Federated Labor Party, a party strongly supported by Communists.

It seems to me that Mr. Webb has proved one of their points, that the hand that moves the machinery of the law is that of the capitalist class, and that it is not so much the machinery of the law that matters, but the hand that moves it. Clearly, the law moved positively, and with its full force in the Criminal Syndicalism Case, against the very sort of person it is now so reluctant to protect. In both cases those who benefit by the positive or negative action are the same people, the owners of the means of production. These people now protest that the crops will rot, but they have been all too willing to let them rot if they were paid to do it.

We should recognize the profit motive as the driving force and see the extremes to which it will drive men. Destruction of food was bad enough, but when it comes to destruction of freedom of speech and assemblage, and of the sanctity of the home in the name of profit, it is time to look at the system with a critical and apprehensive eye.

I suppose that the very people who tarred and feathered would be the first to say, "Use the ballot, that is the American way." Any law that interfered with their right to exploit and profit would be ignored and fought, just as the law has been

ignored in Santa Rosa.

To return to Attorney General Webb, do you think that his most inconsistent behavior is merely political temperament, or that he is moved by forces greater than he? Mr. Webb's actions, as well as those of the mob in Santa Rosa, go deep into our social structure.

Most of us do not wish to look so deep, but content ourselves with branding those who do as "agitators".
Carmel, Calif. Francis Whitaker

UNITED ATTACK

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

The mad terror in Santa Rosa a week ago completely exposes the fallacy upon which EPIC and PFU officers have based their opposition to the United Front. Leaders in the progressive movement in California have asserted that there is no harmony of interests between those who would change society through constitutional and political means, and the Communists, who believe that the revolutionary struggle is the only way. Furthermore, these same leaders express fears that they and their organizations will be branded as "reds" and "bolsheviks" if there is any cooperation between them and the Socialists and the Communists. This last reason appears slightly ridiculous to those who have any recollection of the Merriam propaganda in the campaign of a year ago.

In the orchards of Sonoma County Epics, Communists and members of the Public Works and Unemployed Union were active participants in a successful apple strike. As the strike strengthened, and threatened to spread to the hop fields, the large growers organized strike-breaking vigilantes. Organized veterans and small business men composed the county-wide vigilante group, which seems to have acted under the tacit permission and cooperation of both local and state authorities.

After issuance of several "warnings", the vigilantes unleashed a reign of terror which has been unequalled in this state in recent months. These Fascists weren't particular about the political affiliations of the workers, whether they were Epic or Communist. They were out to break the strike and they attempted to do it by brutally beating five men, tar-and-feathering two of them, and by trying to force several families to leave the county. The point is just this: About half of those terrorized were Epic Democrats.

It is the most quibbling evasion to oppose the United Front today. All liberals, progressives and radicals have this common interest: *our own self-preservation*. We must unite in our own defense! Such united defense in this country, out of necessity, must take the form of a Labor Party, a party based on the unions and including all political groups opposed to Fascism. Throughout the western, still-democratic nations, we see today the growth and unification of all forces opposed to an outright capitalist dictatorship. In France the People's Front, composed of liberal Republicans and Marxist political parties, is expected to win the coming elections. In this country many groups are working for a united Labor Party. Connecticut already has such a party formed, with the support of the State A. F. of L.

California, with its strong progressive groups, is the state nearest to Fascism; it is the state which immediately needs the defensive strength of a Labor Party. Naturally, personal interests cause many to oppose the United Front and the Labor Party. To all of these objections, there is only one answer.

If we don't unite now, we will later on—in the concentration camps.
Carmel, Calif. W. A. M.

PACIFIC WEEKLY CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE

BEATRICE R. KINKEAD is a resident of Palo Alto, graduate of Bryn Mawr, translator of Ilin's *Black and White* and secretary of the Northern California Branch of the National Committee for the Defence of Political Prisoners. She is now at work on another translation.

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GRANT CANNON is an anthropologist connected with the University of California. He is now at work on an interpretation of Jack London.

PETER GULDBRANDSEN is a Danish journalist and lecturer and the American representative of two Copenhagen dailies, *Politiken* and *Social-Demokraten*.

MARTHA CREED is a California SERA worker.

DOROTHY ERSKINE is doing research work in planning. She is the daughter of the late Dr. Florence Ward, one of San Francisco's first women surgeons.

FERN McGRATH is a San Francisco psychologist.

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PACIFIC WEEKLY--

**A POSITIVELY ASTOUNDING
CIRCULAR LETTER**

sent out over the signature of

ALMON E. ROTH,

Comptroller of Stanford University,

designed



**TO PERPETUATE AND
SPREAD FASCISM IN CALIFORNIA**

Read this glorification of what Mr. Roth calls the
"desperate exertions" and "liberal financial expenditures"
of those forces which elected Frank Merriam governor.

Read this unbelievable appeal for funds to support
such contemptible, un-American outrages as
occurred in Santa Rosa.

Read this expression of smug glee at the success of the
Criminal Syndicalism trial in Sacramento.

Then read

W. K. BASSETT'S ANSWER

which points out how peculiarly appropriate it is that
this crass appeal should come from the Comptroller of a
university founded by a man who once held the
State of California, politically and economically,
in the hollow of his hand, and
who bought his way into the United States Senate
to continue and strengthen his control.

THIS ASTOUNDING LETTER--

OUR EDITOR'S REPLY

In PACIFIC WEEKLY next week--**OUT SATURDAY!**